

# MRS. H. M. CLOSZ

ALLUDES TO BRO. GREEN'S MAGAZINE, TO THE SAN FRANCISCO MAGAZINE AND TO THE PATRIARCH.

Webster City, Iowa, June 1, 1903.  
Dear Brother Moore:

The complimentary letter from the quintette of lady editors of the San Francisco Ladies' Magazine is at hand and has caused me much amusement and I may say pleasure because of the attachment of my name to your car. We seem to be raising the dust in the West, probably through the energetic propaganda work of a Johnson, as I have just received a marked copy of the "Patriarch" which mentions Mrs. Henry in a still more enviable way for her work in the Blue Grass "Knave." Well, we can afford to laugh now, as the days of witch and heretic burning have passed, though "niggers" still suffer from their Christian brethren.

I inclose a clipping from the Des Moines News of May 30. Perhaps Alex Campbell, of Lexington, can throw some light upon the matter. As you are related to the family I shall hope that you might be named in said disposition of property and then I am sure The Blade would take a new lease of life.

With best wishes and the hope that you may live long to wield the editorial pen I am, yours most sincerely,  
HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

P. S.—I presume you have noted the remarks of Brother Green, of F. T. Magazine, about your book, and assistants. Dear Mrs. Henry, she deserves more appreciation than she gets.

H. M. C.

I have not seen the "San Francisco Ladies' Magazine." I am sorry it is opposed to these distinguished lady friends of The Blade.

I have seen "The Patriarch" and I should hardly think any good ladies would want to be associated with it in likes or dislikes.

The piece about Mrs. Henry from "The Patriarch" is as follows:  
One of the "Shes" Who Hates the President.

Materialistic men and women of the Josephine K. Henry standard marry for "mutual convenience," not for the sacred responsibilities of parenthood. This woman of Versailles, Ky., is "educated" and presumptuous. Thus, she hates President Roosevelt for his moral bravery. She is a "criminal limit hen," one of those who lay all the eggs they please but "never intend to set." She has not time to "set"; she is out stretching her neck and raises on her tip-toes vainly trying to crow like a cock, through the columns of the Blue Grass "Knave."

"The Patriarch" is a Christian Socialist paper. Its last issue of May 30th has just come to the Blade. It has in it only 21 advertisements. Of these, 19 are displayed advertisements of saloons, one is a displayed advertisement of a pool gambling room and one is a local advertisement of a saloon. It has a notice complimenting the Washington Liquor Dealer, "an organ of the liquor interest. It has, through it, in several places, little notices calling upon people to patronize its advertisers."

One of the Patriarch's articles begins as follows:

## A Minister Who Reformed.

The Rev. Geo. K. McDonald, late pastor of the East Avenue Baptist church, Long Island City, N. Y., who preached his farewell sermon December 7th, is now presiding over a well appointed saloon in New York City.

It highly compliments Rev. McDonald, and prints Rev. D's. letter in which the "reformed" clergyman shows that he is doing good in his new calling as a saloon keeper.

The Patriarch highly compliments Christians and Christianity, and its longest article is from a "famous author" against Atheism.

I do not remember ever to have seen a liquor advertisement in any infidel publication.

The piece from the Freethought Magazine is as follows:  
The Book That Ought to Be Published

Charles C. Moore, of the Blue Grass Blade, we see, has returned from "The Holy Land" and we now expect to see appear very soon that wonderful book, entitled "Dog Fennel." Not having seen a copy, we cannot pass judgment upon it. But we are not expecting very much of it as "The Holy Land" business has been over-worked; it is, in fact, nothing but a barren desert, in common parlance, in place of being a "Holy Land" it is "the most God forsaken place on the face of the earth and always was." The best description of it that we ever saw was written by Daniel K. Tenney, which we published and have for sale; price ten cents. But we will suggest to Brother Moore that there is some matter in his possession that he might put into a book that would be ten times as valuable to the world as his "Dog Fennel," and that is the writings of Josephine K. Henry and Harriet M. Closz, that have appeared in the Blade for the last two years—in our opinion two of the ablest female writers in this or any other country. The church has not, in all their thousands of female writers in America, two women of equal ability as writers. Now, if Brother Moore will publish this book we promise to keep a page advertisement of it standing in the Free Thought Magazine for a year, and do all we can to give it a large circulation, for we believe it would do more in the line of female emancipation from superstition than

any work that has appeared for the last hundred years. The title should be, "The Woman Emancipator."

It is best to be candid, and I must say that that editorial is quite discouraging to me. Certainly nobody who knows me will think I do not appreciate Mesdames Henry and Closz, and if I live a few more years I too hope to see the writings of both of these ladies in book form.

It had been a desire of my life, almost from childhood, to go some day to Palestine, and my dear wife and family were so willing and anxious to have me do so that they made a great sacrifice to have me go. My wife sold a lot of sheep for \$261, and gave me that, and friends paid me enough in advance for my book to enable me to pay the balance of the \$315 that my trip cost me; the least of any passenger on the cruise. Since I came home we have put our home in the hands of a real estate agent, Mr. John C. May of Lexington, for sale, because we are so in debt. I had hoped to make my book about the Orient the most interesting feature of my life. I have had a great tour and have had an opportunity for making a book that was even more than I expected. I had just finished writing it the day I saw that notice in the Freethought Magazine.

Mr. L. K. Washburn of the Boston Investigator, asked his friends to give him \$300 just as a present to go to Europe on. I have not seen from any of our infidel publications any discouraging allusion to that fact, and certainly I do not feel like saying anything of that kind. I congratulate him and congratulate his friends that they have seen cause to do this and I hope he will have a happy time.

My book is going to be larger than I expected and more expensive than I expected. I shall be fully satisfied if I can make it pay for its expenses and pay back to my wife what she wants to give me but which I know she cannot afford to give. I had not expected to be assisted very much by any of the infidel publications and had not expected to be encouraged at all by some of them, but I had not expected that the first notice of my book would come from Bro. Green, the editor of all in the world that would have expected to help me, in such disparaging terms as this.

It may be that Bro. Tenney can get up a better book about "The Holy Land" for ten cents than I can for a dollar, but it seems to me that if the conditions had been exactly changed, I would not have said that about a book that Bro. Green had written just as his book was ready to go to press.

Daniel K. Tenney is certainly a man of ability, but he is every sober, not to say sombre kind of a writer, and his article in the issue of the Free Thought Magazine in which appears this editorial is a defence of spiritualism. He has, of course, his right to that opinion, but certainly with all the letters that have been in the Blade lately in which men and women tell why they are theists there must be a good many who do not believe in spiritualism, and who would like to hear about Palestine the opinion of a man who does not believe in spiritualism even though they had read a book about it by a man who did believe in spiritualism.

For that matter my book is not by any means simply about Palestine. I have seen Europe, Asia and Africa, and islands of two seas and I have written about all of them.

I have given more space to the "Holy Land" than to any other land in proportion to its size, but that is only about a third of my book.

I have not heralded it as a "wonderful book," and I have not said anything that I know of to indicate that I wanted anybody to "expect much of it," but still some people have expressed a desire to see it, both by letters and orally among my neighbors.

If Bro. Green never saw Palestine, as I believe is true, how can he tell that any particular book is the best description of it he ever saw.

If the Holy Land business has been over-worked from the infidel standpoint I do not know it. I never saw a book about Palestine in my life by an avowed infidel and I did not know there was one until I heard of this one by Bro. Tenney, a spiritualist, and while it is true that a spiritualist may be an infidel, I think it is generally understood that spiritualism is a very mild form of infidelity.

I expect to send, with my compliments, to every infidel editor in the world that I know of, a copy of my coming book, "Dog Fennel in the Orient." If any of them help me to sell it I shall be obliged; if they do not I shall try not to be disappointed, while, if they discourage it, I will try to stand it.

People who know Mrs. Henry know that she has borne the sacred responsibility of motherhood—that she gave to the world a very brilliant man who lost his life on a railroad train, as the result of the liquor drinking of a railroad employee, the vice which "The Patriarch" is encouraging.

Man's inhumanity to woman makes countless thousands mourn.

You can do nothing by reasoning with such a man.

Bro. Green's idea about Palestine is only partly accurate.

It is true that the Jerusalem of David and Solomon and Jesus, which is that part of it inside the ancient walls, with its "55,000 families," say nearly 500,000 people, is, almost certainly the most miserable city on earth, though it is a museum of wonders, but the new part of Jerusalem that the missionaries have built for themselves to live in, out of the money that has been sent to that country to convert the heathen Mohammedans that now own all that country, is certainly very beautiful, and those people who have "taken up the cross" and gone to Jerusalem, the place where the Christian religion started, to convert its people to Christianity, do certainly live "at home" with "plenty of money and no poor kin," if I ever did see anybody in that fix.

Of the sixty miles of railway from Jaffa (Joppa of the New Testament)

to Jerusalem, the latter half, that brings us to Jerusalem is such a confusion of volcanic mountains that even olive trees can hardly grow on them, though anywhere in the Orient, an olive tree can grow where nothing else can.

But the thirty miles of the country after we left Jaffa, on the way to Jerusalem is exceedingly beautiful. It not only produces splendid grain and delicious fruits, of which the trees were hanging full and ripe as we went, oranges, lemons, tangerines and mandarins, with millions of beautiful wild flowers, including "the lilies of the field," of which Jesus said "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," and men, women and children, nearly 500 of us gathered there until we got tired of them; but that country also produces beautiful women that came in great numbers to meet us, and showed us great kindness and were healthy, happy looking Mohammedan heathens, that could give you pointers on the pretty women that all the faithful to Mohammed were going to meet in heaven, that you never dreamed of, Bro. Green, in your Chicago philosophy of feminine charms, though you have the honor to be the husband of a handsome lady.

Those ladies in that part of Palestine, the Plain of Sharon, tattoo their faces, but the tattooing so far from being ugly is real cute, and it relieves the embarrassment of naturally different men like me, by giving them a chance to look at the tattooing that, of course, was put there to be seen.

You will remember that the Bible says when the Jews came from Egypt to Palestine, or Canaan, under the special direction of God to oust the Canaanites, the Jews drove the Canaanites out of the mountains but could not drive them out of the plains, because those in the plains had "chariots of iron." It is a pretty hard story that God could not drive out a lot of Canaanites even with a big army to help him. But the fact is that the Canaanite had found out that the mountains of Canaan were not fit for anybody to live in so they let the Jews go there to suffer as they are doing there to this day, while Mr. Canaanite drew the line at the Jews coming down into the plains and those people there are all happy to this day.

If you could see that country around where Joseph of Arimathea lived, the man who buried Jesus, you would not think Palestine all such a desolate country by any means.

I don't believe, old Brother, that any man can do justice to Palestine alone, in any ten cent pamphlet, to say nothing of all the other wonderful places that I saw, and I believe that even after you have posted yourself from Brother Tenney's book, there will not be a single letter in "Dog Fennel" from beginning to end that you will not read.

There may be a good many things in it that you will think I ought not to have said. I have always found that my friends and enemies were equally disappointed whenever I have written anything in which they could not find something to object to and I suppose you will find a fair proportion of that in "Dog Fennel," but I have not the least hesitancy in saying that you will read it all the same, from start to finish, and that you will sit up some of nights to do it, whatever may be your ordinary habits about sleeping.

## "THE ITCHING PALM."

Editor Moore:

I would supplement Morris Sachs' closing peroration: "Oh, Atheism! thou art a jewel, in yours of June 7th under heading, 'Curse of Christianity' with: 'Oh, Money! thou art the curse of this world!'"

Can any one not totally blind not see, (if he "can read between the lines") that all the troubles he complains of have their root in money? Those who first introduced this evil have now to reap the harvest, and a sad one it is for them. They must not blame Christians or Mohammedans or Pagans for the consequences of their financial "genius," but only themselves. Nemesis is not overtaking them alone, but every individual and every nation who is handling the vile stuff and its equivalent "property," which gives one nation and one corporation and one nation and one religion a chance to get on top of another.

The remedy lies not in massacring those who invented the root of all evil, but to abolish the evil itself. There is no need for it.

HERMAN WETTSTEIN.

Fitzgerald, Ga., June 6th, 1903.

Comment—You are right, brother, "money" and "property" make a lot of unappiness. Send the Blade all of your money and a deed for all of your property and be a happy man.

Lord, send us more of the "root."

## GOOD LUCK.

Newark Valley, N. Y., April 28, 1903.

Dear Brother Moore:

Through you I wish to thank Bro. Daniel Blanchard for sending me the Blade, and also yourself for saying "Blade would have come anyhow." It is a grand good paper. On account of poor health have neglected to write you my thanks. Put me down for your book "Dog Fennel." Must have it if I am alive. Glad to hear you are home to your friends again.

Yours fraternally,

MISS OLIVE L. LUCK.

INDIAN "MEDICINE MAN"

WANTS THE BLADE.

Hot Springs, Ark., May 23, 1903.

Bro. Hughes:

I send you a paper with Dr. Deer Foot's poetry. He is an Indian and is a subscriber to the Blade, and I send you fifty cents for his paper. A colored lawyer promises to subscribe.

W. T. PICKLEN.

Comment—We have two Doctors in New York, each one of whom is a Dear Foot—same name; little difference in spelling.

The Blade in clubs or five or more is now reduced to 50 cents each.

# Blade's Club

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Ky.

Lucy Waters Phelps, West Sutton, Mass.

Dr. Esther A. Van Riper, Circleville, Ohio.

Mrs. A. M. Thompson, 436 Oak St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

M. E. Davis, Houston Heights, Tex.

Mrs. Vina Hodges, Salado, Oregon.

Mrs. Ella Wood, Fondulac, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Jean B. Harmon, Paris, Ky.

Ada L. Smith, Harrison, Okla.

Mary E. Crigler, Bartow, Fla.

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Mrs. W. B. Royster, 426 W. Durall St., Jacksonville, Fla.

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Laura Roby, Caplinger Mills, Mo.

Lucinda Roby, Caplinger Mills, Mo.

Ella Roby Caplinger Mills, Mo.

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Andrew Cook, Manatee, Fla.

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Minnie Lowry, Woolsey, Ind. Ter.

Mrs. Jessie Hazelrigg, Ryan, Iowa.

Jas. Davis, 526 Prospect St., Lima, Ohio.

S. C. Musgrove, Arnettville, W. Va.

Mary G. Collins, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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hovah or God? If that law was good enough for the Jews, why not good enough for "Christ" and the Gentiles? If Moses and Joshua knew the sun moved, why did Galileo discover and promulgate the truth and expose the heretic ignorance of Jehovah or his servant Joshua? If the doctrine of theories of "God's" chosen vessels enveloped the world in the darkness of the middle ages why did the human mind enter the field of investigation, and, being guided by the lamp of Reason, finally present the mental world with scientific Truth? Why did not those religious ignoramus, who were after "God's own heart," roll the ponderous stone of ignorance away from the door of the temple of wisdom and permit humanity to enter and behold the glories of Truth made repellant by the light emanating from the lamp of Reason, giving man a perception of his inalienable rights. Religious intolerance or despotism forced the human mind into the dungeon of ignorance and kept it chained there for ages. For many long and weary centuries a deadly conflict raged between Truth and religious falsehood, costing humanity a great price in life and treasure. As the mental horizon began to be illuminated by the lamp of Reason the black banner of superstition and ignorance begins to wave and the advocates of a brutal theology cried out in confusion for mercy while being submerged by the mighty avalanche of Truth and Free thought. A lie is the parent of a miracle and these are the boulders behind which rest both, Jehovah and h—! A scientific fact does not rest behind a miracle; it shines brighter when tested by the light of investigation and does not require seas of human blood to foster or sustain it. An ancient mythology flourished for thousands of years and its halcyon days were when the mental world was enveloped in that darkness for which it alone was responsible. Humanity did not possess any rights that this murderous and plundering institution felt constrained to regard save the right to bow in humble submission to a "Thus saith the Lord." This theological and greedy robber cries, in its expiring agonies to science: "Obliterate your lamp of Reason or I perish." Jehovah cries out in anguish: "If you keep that lamp burning my servants, kings, popes, priests and preachers will become enlightened, get insubordinate, become independent and my glory will fade, my kingdom crumble and even h—! itself, the man prop of my power, will become a veritable wilderness while my 'sky pilots' become likened unto ox trains upon the plains of Kansas—things of the past!" What has liberated humanity from the grasp of this theological monster and placed him in the broad and open field of investigation where he can pursue his labors and demonstrate to all mankind that Jehovah and hades are only the dreams of mythological frauds! Fear was the weapon that kept the chambers of h—! fervid, upon which rested an institution that enslaved and degraded woman as no other institution has done since she was taken from "Adam's side;" and yet that institution has the courage or gall to subsist chiefly upon the exertions and toil of the element whose degradation it strove so studiously to perpetuate. We live in a brighter and grander day. The venom of the old serpent has been discovered and the proper antidote has been applied and ere long this orthodox lie will be read about as one of the most despicable frauds that tyrannized over and disgraced humanity.

J. W. RENO.

## PRAYER.

I think prayer is the most ridiculous thing on earth. Though I am ashamed to tell it I must say I have prayed myself, but none of my prayers were ever answered. Some say I was not in earnest, but I knew nothing at that time of "free thought." I believed some day my prayers would be answered.

I have so often seen people of their knees pleading and praying with tears streaming down their cheeks, thinking I know not what. They thank God for the beautiful sunshine and flowers and all that is grand and good.

Who then must we thank for the terrible storms that so often sweep over the land, taking the lives and homes of the good as well as the bad? I heard a man say that he and a friend of his were attending a revival. An old Christian lady came to them and was begging them to come to Jesus. They told her they denied the existence of a God. She fell to her knees and prayed until she was almost exhausted, for God to come and take the life of one of them in order that the other might believe and was her prayer answered? Nay they both still live more loyal than ever to their belief. After I had quit praying and went to thinking I was attending a revival. A young lady came to me and was begging me to go to the altar. I know she was a dear, good girl, but she would have been so had she never been in church. She talked to me of a loving friend I had lost; said my friend was awaiting my arrival in heaven really made me feel sad. I had began to think myself that I was "under conviction." The young lady insisted and pleaded until I finally gave up and she led me to the altar. O, she was so happy; she said God had answered her prayer, for she had prayed for me so long. When she left me side I was at the altar. I raised my head and looked around. I could not help but smile when I saw that insubstantial mob of people jumping and